

"ALL OUT"



OUTSIDE "THE MIDWAY"

## GREAT FUN ON SUNDAY AT FAMOUS OLD CONEY ISLAND.

### CONY ISLAND'S SEASON HAS BEGUN.

ONCE more Coney Island is in the height of its glory. Last Sunday 50,000 persons enjoyed its ocean breezes, its midway attractions, its questionable slideshows, its Bowery, its beer and its frankfurters. It was the same old Coney, and they were the same old happy, go-as-you-please crowd. They went on the Sea Beach boats, the trains and the trolleys, in twos and fours and families, and stayed from early morning until they were jammed like cattle in the last trains, exhausted and sleepy, but happy in the knowledge of a successful day's outing.

Coney Island was never known to disappoint the pleasure-seekers who throng to it, and it reaches its usual standard this year.

Coney's attractions are versatile, like its patrons. Down the road, not so far from the Bowery, is a little church, where the religiously inclined may worship, and in Coney Island proper (if such a place there be) they who seek different shrines may worship, too.

One favorite idol is crowned in a very limited creation of red satin. Her face still bears metallic traces of one time beauty; her feet are tiny, and as dainty as they have always been. They are very wonderful feet, very agile and restless, and they know how to do a great many things—so think the habitués of the concert hall where the dancing of the little red feet brings to white away the time and the beer. Not infrequently a foaming bumper is passed up to the idol, who tosses it off in a quite experienced way, and throws a great many kisses while she thanks the "kind gentleman" who was "good enough to appreciate a lady's thirst and give her something to break it."

The dancing girl is not the only idol at Coney, however. The tamale and frankfurter men are hot favorites, and the museum ladies with specialties hold a very dear place in the hearts of the multitude.

There are the fat lady and the skeleton, the lady with the luxuriant crop of hair, and she with the Svengali whiskers; another who charms snakes, a midjet, and last, but not least, a downright pretty one (so the heavy swells of Coney say), who

deals out kisses through a very small pigeon-hole at ten cents each.

One enterprising concert hall has introduced a full ballet of burlesque, seven in number, and the well-meaning proprietor assures the beer-drinking public who sit about the tables that the number would have been larger had the alyps of the ballet been smaller. As it is, his stage is filled, and what more can people ask?

The Raines law spectre is only faintly visible at Coney. Sunday morning concert hall proprietors made a corner in bread and cheese, and spent the early hours heaping up sandwiches. But fifty thousand people consume a great many drinks on a hot day, particularly the Coney Island sort, that consist largely of foam, and before afternoon the sandwiches had disappeared, and foaming bumpers were served in solitary state, as if the name of Raines had never been heard above the clash of Coney's breakers.

All the choice spots along the Bowery are not yet occupied, for last Sunday's rush was a trifle ahead of the season. One large unoccupied pavilion, with a small stage at the side, was the rendezvous for a merry party. Opposite the pavilion is a merry-go-round, with an organ that plays all the up-to-date dance music. There was nothing classic about the melodies as they floated across to the empty pavilion, but they were appreciated by those who heard them. A lot of tired-looking shop girls, who had gone down from Brooklyn on the trolley, with arms encircling each other's waists, waited for the tune of "The Band Played On." A number of bicycle girls in short skirts joined in, introducing a great many fancy steps of their own, and then one by one the swells of Coney Island dropped in and made a welcome addition to the party.

The organ in the merry-go-round served them well. It played all the popular waltzes and two-steps, and the girls "spiced" with their new acquaintances until their curly locks hung in strings over their faces, their lawn dresses and shirt-waists hung damp and limp, and their faces were flushed from heat and exertion. Then they repaired to a nearby concert hall, where the sandwiches had given out long before, and where the little red slippers

were still pursuing their tireless efforts to please.

The coolest place on the island was up on the big observatory. The elevator ran up and down all day, until the rattlings about the top looked black from the ground below. People liked to stay, after they got up there, it was so far from the maddening crowd, and the view over the bay and the surrounding country was so beautiful. The people looked like tiny ants as they moved about on the island, but even from that height one could note the tired, lagging steps, and watch the steady application of white handkerchiefs to hot faces. And then one could almost fancy the scene beneath was a dream, a far-away vision, if some one near did not remark impatiently that it might be cool, but it was too dry, and a mighty long way from the "Bowery."

The small fry enjoy Coney Island as much as their elders. Indeed, they are catered to more than any others and they enjoyed the entering to the greatest extent last Sunday. Never was popcorn offered in such a wonderful variety of colors as the vendors exhibit down on Coney's sands. There are bars and balls in pink, red, yellow, green, white, brown and neapolitan, and "all for the small change, ladies and gents, of five cents." Then there are the inevitable pails and shovels, in pretty colors and covered with tempting mottoes and fancy names. And there are the merry-go-rounds, and the hobby horses, the swings and the chutes, and above all there is the great stretch of white sand, into which thousands of plump, white baby hands thrust shovels last Sunday, and thousands of baby girls and boys rolled and somersaulted in it all day, while their good-natured mothers watched them play, and took care of the lunch baskets. Then night came on, and the sand got into the tired eyes, and the noise from the Bowery rose like the low rumble of thunder, warning mothers with tired babies of the approaching showers of merry-making. It sent them home through the push and crowd, with their children on their shoulders and clinging to their skirts, and their baskets on their arms, filled only with the refuse of the luncheon, and the discarded shovels and painted pails.

It is after the departure of daylight and the innocents with chubby feet that love to paddle that Coney Island opens wide its eyes. They are black eyes, with a twinkle of mischief in them, and a violent propensity toward winking. And they wink very hard and very often Sunday nights. The fat ladies in the museums smile more generally after dark, the snake

charmer's eyes grow more fascinating, the rounds at the concert hall table are ordered more recklessly, and the ladies and gentlemen who toss them off seem more congenial than ever; the frankfurter men have laid in a new stock since the lights were lit.

The shooting galleries look more tempting with the lights behind the gayly-colored targets, the fakirs with the balls and pussy cats, and rings and canes have less trouble in moving aches from the pocket of the passer by. "Hit it once, one cigar; hit it twice, two cigars; hit it three times, three cigars, and your money back!"

A crowd gathers about the fakirs, and still another crowd files into the concert hall. This is a contented, at-peace-with-all-the-world crowd. They are fond of one another, for brown heads and golden heads are resting on many shoulders, and many voices are calling, "Hi, waiter, fill 'em up again!" And the waiters are rushing about with trays filled with bumpers, and above the clinking of glasses and the clatter of voices rises the voice of the hired songstress, "Oh, she was such an absent-minded maiden." The lines are greeted with loud guffaws, and while the piano bangs out the accompaniment the red slippers keep time in the air, and their owner laughs through her scarlet lips and justifies her humble salary.

### THE AMERICAN COSTER.

He Sells Flowers and Has a Dialect That Is Distinctively His Own.

The nearest approach in New York to the London "coster," as exploited by Chevalier, is the flower pedler. Not the stationary vender who has a small stall or stand, but the man who calls from house to house with a handsome wagon with glass sides, through which can be seen a large stock of plants in full bloom. In some cases his wagon is fitted with a refrigerator for cut flowers.

By some mysterious process of evolution this man seems to be developing into a class as distinctive as the characters of the famous music hall singer. It is somewhat displayed in his attire, but is especially noticeable in his language. His dialect is what might be called "tough," but bears but small resemblance to that of the Bowery boy, or Chinaman Padden of the East Side. His slang is all his own, and appears to be but little understood except by those in his own line of business.

### RIDING 1,624 MILES FOR A NICKEL.

TWO men made a bet. "You can get a bigger return for a nickel from a railroad company," said No. 1, "than from any other kind of a business concern in the world."

"Boosh!" said the other. "But you can. And not only that, but in spite of all the talk and abuse of the grasping corporations in America, and especially in New York, a railroad company owned by New York millionaires is the concern I refer to. They will give you the longest railroad ride on earth for a nickel." "Can't prove it," said No. 2. "Bet you \$1,000." "Go you!"

"All right," said No. 1. "I'll start tomorrow morning, and at the end of a week I will have ridden by rail 1,624 miles for a nickel, and I will prove that I could ride ten times as far if I wished for the same old nickel. Will that win the bet?" "Sure! Easy money for me, too." They shook hands.

"Meet me right here next Monday morning at 9 o'clock," said No. 1, in parting. He hurried on board one of the South Ferry boats and went to his home in Brooklyn. "Say, wife," said he, as soon as he got home, "get me up a luncheon that will last a week. Tut, tut! no questions, my dear. Hold in your curiosity for a week and you shall have that marquee ring. Just put up the luncheon."

It was Sunday. The next morning No. 1 crossed the South Ferry to New York, holding his big luncheon basket on his arm. He climbed the elevated railroad stairs at the ferry, bought a ticket on the Sixth avenue line, picked out an end seat, opened a copy of Jules Verne's "One Million Miles in a Minute" and settled down.

He rode to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, closed his book, got out of the car, crossed the platform and entered a downtown car.

"There's eight miles," he said to himself, making a note of it in a book. The train started down town. At the South Ferry he got off and received a transfer to the Third avenue elevated line. On the first train he rode till Ninety-ninth street was reached, though he might have gotten off the train at Eighty-ninth if he had so desired, for there again the uptown and downtown trains use a platform in the middle, passengers getting off one train and getting on

the one going in the opposite direction at their pleasure.

"Six and a half more miles," said No. 1, as the train started down toward South Ferry again. Again at South Ferry he transferred over to the Sixth avenue line, noted that he had done six and a half miles more, and started up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street as before. He had made the trip "around the Horn," as it is called, twenty-nine miles in all, and had consumed three hours in doing it. It was time to eat. So he took a bite of luncheon and a swallow of Rulins (a) water, and again buried himself in "One Million Miles a Minute." Occasionally he took a look at a card he had figured out, and this is what the card looked like:

Distance.	Street.	Miles.
Third avenue—		
South Ferry to 89th street.....		5 1/2
South Ferry to 96th street.....		6 1/2
Sixth avenue—		
South Ferry to 125th street.....		8
South Ferry to 116th street.....		7 1/2

Time.

Sixth ave.—South Ferry to 125th st., 40 min.  
Third ave.—South Ferry to 90th st., 40 min.  
"It's a pity there isn't a chance to do the same thing on the Second avenue line, too," he remarked, taking a munch at a ham sandwich. "It would vary the trip. This is getting to be monotonous. Now, if I were to keep up this continuous performance for only five days, I would have ridden 1,100 miles, or more than the distance from here to Chicago."

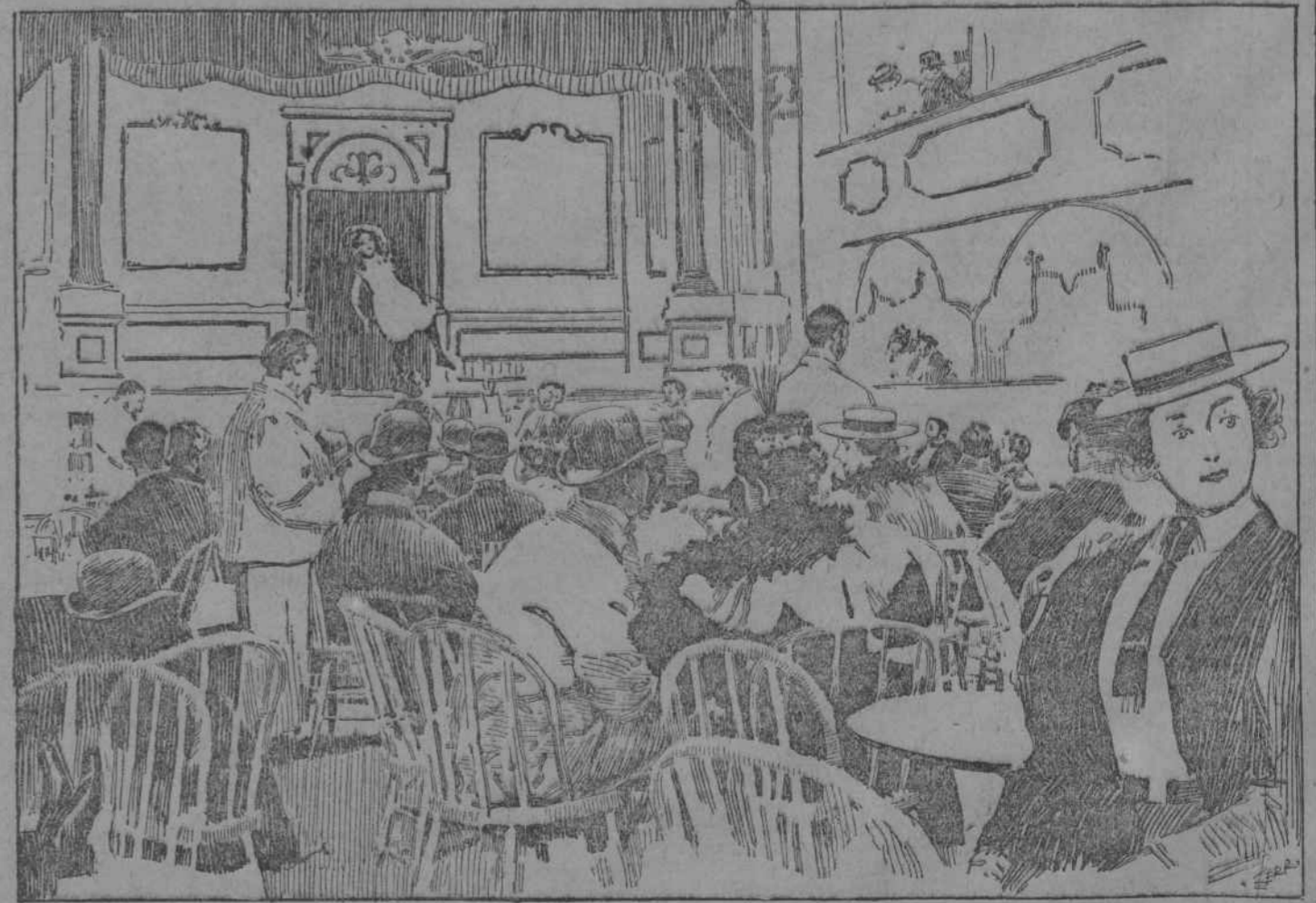
"In thirteen days I would have ridden the distance from here to San Francisco. If this luncheon and beer would only hang on I could ride the distance from here to Jupiter or Mars, or to any one of the fixed stars. Why, hang it all, I could keep it up till this frenzied journey ended in inevitable death. I'm glad it's going to end next Monday."

Monday came. No. 2 was on hand at South Ferry. In a short time the thing was explained, and a long look came over the face of No. 2 as he realized that he had lost the bet.

"Never mind old man," said No. 1. "It was a sure thing, and I don't want to beat you out of any of your money on a sure thing. Just you buy my wife that marquee ring I showed you the other day, and it's all right."



ONE OF THE DANCE HALLS.



IN VACCAS'S THEATRE.